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WOMAN'S SOUL.

POEMS

BY

WILHELM BENIGNUS.

"This world is glorious! and love its keynote."

WOMAN'S SOUL.

SONNETS, ODES AND SONGS

BY

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WOMAN'S SOUL.

POEMS

DEDICATED TO

The American Woman

"Gentle she is, but strong in affection,
and for the right she fights with might."

WILHELM BENIGNUS,

Author of "Dichtungen", "Weltstromlieder", "Stimmen der Wasser", "Freiheitshelden", "In alle Ewigkeit", "Allvaters Kind", "Frauenseelen", "Lieder eines Pilgers" and "Woman's Soul".

"To touch the depths of the heart,
to lend to the spirit wings
with a song that soars and sings —
ah, this is art!"

DEDICATED

as a whole

to

AMERICAN WOMEN

and in particular

to

THE SOULS

beautiful and noble, lovely and admirable,

whose praises and virtues

my star-jewelled lyre of heart gold

sounds jubilantly

in this book.

PRELUDE.

I. SONNETS.

FAIRY FLOWERS.

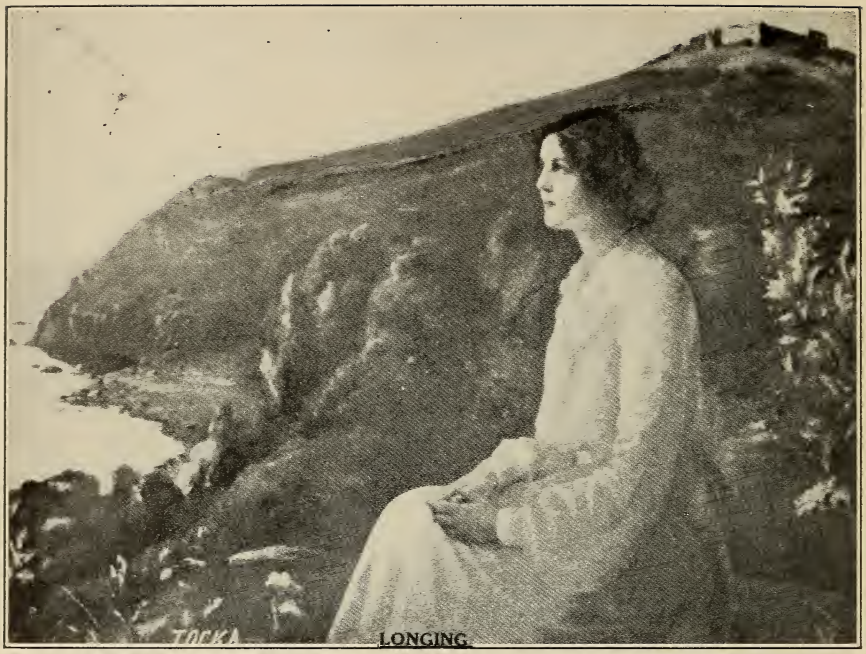
Prelude.

UPON a fairy garden smiles the sun,
where charming souls as flowers nod and beam
in splendours like a paradisal dream,
where silver brooks thru emerald meadows run.

The purest joys from these sweet souls I won.
But as they all to me so lovely seem,
all sparkling in my admiration's gleam,
how could I give the preference to one?

How could I crown the lily, when the rose
deserves the prize as well? How not inclose
the violet in my song, on praises bent?

I love them all. I drink their beauty in.
And if thereby my sounding lyre can win
their dear approval, I am well content.



LONGING.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

"Gentle she is, but strong in affection,
and for the right she fights with might."

THE road to Light and Happiness you seek,—
away from darkness, ignorance and wrong
of cruel, crushing tyranny, so long
the portion of all women humble, meek.

You are rewarded! You are no more weak,
for all the rights that men have, now belong
to you in full. Thru freedom's spirit strong
you win success and climb the highest peak.

And men, in truth, by no means badly fare
if you with zeal and vigor take a hand
in governing this land by women's votes.

Injustice, beaten, flees and no more gloats.
You rule so wisely, with a magic wand,
so womanly, with loving heart and care.

Louise

Morning Call.

YOU studied well the characters of men,
you "gauged" them, too, not only "by the way",
but I believe there are some men that may
pass review honorably before your pen.

We must indeed condemn the ingrates, when
they do behave like brutes and cannot stay
their ugly tempers, when they want to play
the growling bear. Myself, I kick them then.

They are to blame when women lose their looks.
They just want wives to serve them and be cooks,
consideration seems to them unknown.

Meek **woman** has a long time been a slave.
Up in revolt now rise all women brave,
all o'er the world their war device is shown:
"Stand fast, ye suffragettes!"

"This world is glorious!
and love its keynote."

Blanche.

THIS world is glorious! and love, not hate,
its keynote. But the jewel of which I sing,
a shimmering pearl, yea, a most priceless thing,
your soul is, **Blanche,** so kind, compassionate.

Fair Poetess, the silver stars we see,
the fluttering moonbeams with an argent glow,
the breaking surf waves with a bright rainbow
give greetings by the murmuring sea to thee.

When from the woodland depths with songs of May,
accompanied by birds and all things gay,
Spring offers you primroses, violets—flowers;

when merry robins sing and blossom showers
from branches snow, caressing cheeks and hands,
—then Earth looks like a dream from wonderlands.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

1820—1910

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

OF noble women known to me I praise
you, **Florence,** with a rushing sound of chords,
and with my hymn cherubical I raise
loud echoes which, approving, God retorts.

For you stood unafraid and face to face
'gainst bloody horrors midst grim War's cohorts,
an angel of great mercy to the race
of humans, with a service like the Lord's.

O world, awake! Let wars of nations cease!
And "Cain and Abel" no more be your play!
Enough of blood, of murderous, foolish fray!

I hear her sing, the nightingale of Peace!
The sounds float by so mellow, yet so strong—
like the cadenza of a seraph's song.

1839—1911

Photo taken 1873

Bella.

BELLA.

A soul-tune
to the memory of the fair lady
whose favorite music was Robert Schumann's "Träumerei".

WAVES, purling from the God of Music's lyre,
enchanted you. A butterfly, you flew
from flow'r to flow'r in young days, when the dew
on petals gleamed, sweet honey your desire.

But now your heart's flame burns with tranquil fire,
and like a meadow pond wherein the blue
still sky and willows mirror themselves new,
your thoughts are turning to the past, entire.

Around these waters grow dream's fragrant flow'rs
adorned with drops from fountains' pearly show'rs,
each drop a glistening, clear and holy tear.

And thru the "Traeumerei" of flowers fine
floats full and high a melody divine
like angel voices from a happier sphere.

JENNY LIND.

1820—1887

JENNY LIND.

KIND Nature gave to you, o songstress dear,
the throat of thrush, the voice of nightingale
which goldenly, in perfect tones and clear,
rings with most soulful sounds thru wood and vale.

America still tells of you this tale:
When in old Castle Garden men did hear
you, glorious songbird from far Sweden's dale,
you touched all hearts, drew many a sacred tear.

That time New York half forest was and fen,
when thru the "Garden" waves of music rolled
and swelled and flowed victoriously along.

Remembered are you yet by hale, old men,
and when they speak of you they say that gold
your heart was too,—not only gold your song.

1910

Julia.

JULIA.

WELL have you done, o Julia, your part,
for, sacrificing much in your best years,
when life most bright, desirable appears,
you did your duty whole, with all your heart.

Your duty to your parents, till the dart
of the destroyer struck them and your tears
flowed hotly from the woe that wounds and sears,
till time with soothing balsam heals the smart!

Such filial love I seldom saw before,
such uncomplaining serving all the while,
such tender nursing and such bearing brave.

Before God's throne, where victors' banners wave,
high deeds recorded are, love without guile,
but of a truer love there is no lore.

1910

VIOLET.

VIOLET.

O SWEET and modest violets, you grow
in woodland places, under hedges where
cool shadows linger and fresh brooklets flow
and busy is a nestling lovebird pair.

High o'er the green and shimmering world below
white cloudlets sail in blue, transparent air,
and whispering zephyrs gather from your row
spring fragrances for fairies, violets fair.

A pair of ardent lovers passes by,
when gay the maid espies you and steps nigh
and joyfully exclaims: "How sweet they are!"

The lover smiles and plucks for her a few.
"Darling,"—he fondles—, "what you say is true,
but you are sweeter, **Violet,** by far."

1912

Nellie.

NELLIE.

VIVACIOUS Nellie, when old Winter makes
his exit and young Spring with vernal goods
moves in victorious, then your joy is such
that blossoms sprout and birds sing in delight.

Your eyes are of the liquid brown of lakes
that sparkle in New Jersey's cedar woods,
and your dear husband, who admires them much,
therein his image finds full glorified.

With Mildred mild,—a lily in your care—,
you wait for him with love profound and rare
when home from work he comes at end of day.

You greet him like the sun's glad beam in May
with warm embrace of welcome and a kiss—
to live like this on earth is heavenly bliss.

1911

FANNIE.

FANNIE.

A SPRIGHTLY fairy from the woods' realms,
with words that from your heart's pure well did rise,
so walked you once quite near at me at the sea,
where on the "Boardwalk" streamed the Easter throng.

Like sunlight which enlivens, yet becalms,
danced golden lights in your brown topaz eyes.
Your lips two cherries. When you spoke to me
I seemed to hear a spring bird's twittering song.

You dwell in heavens, where soft music flows
when you, with deft art, play the violin,
enrapture people, hold them in a trance.

Your soulful, charming music does enhance
your sweetness with a skybright rainbow sheen
and draws to you my heart in friendship close.

1911

Gazella and Kelly.

GAZELLA AND ELLY.

BLISS reigns in June short as a dream, soon gone,
when under rose bowers happy lovers walk,
while birds carol, of sweetest secrets talk—
but I lived here in solitude, alone.

Then entered you my house—a joyous pair
of summer fairies which a perfumed breeze
brought from the strand of far Hesperides
where flowers Elysian scent the balmy air.

Your presence glad transformed the place to me
into a villa by some southward sea
with flower gardens, fountains, peristyles.

When now I see in June on gauzy wings
gay butterflies, my dream on wanderings
finds you, dear friends, on yon far, smiling isles.

Atlantic City, N. J., June the 16th, 1912.

"She walks, a wood-nymph,
with her soul's choice arm in arm."

Phyllis.

FRESH like a rose in morn, a dear surprise
is **Phyllis.** E'en the Muses radiate
no sweeter charms the heart to satiate
than she who, fair and young, with them in graces vies.

Hark! Hark! glad larks soar up to heaven's gate
and sing their hymn of praise the while they rise.
The Marybuds all ope' their golden eyes
and every flow'r around greets friend and meadow mate.

She dreams: she owns in Paradise a hut,
and in green woods on glade with sunlight warm
she walks, a wood nymph, with her soul's choice arm in arm.

"My dew-fresh rose, my blue forget-me-not,
my jewel, my joy! I love you, dear Phyllis!"
her lover says and seals her red lips with a kiss.

Waterbury, Conn., August 3, 1912.

1912

Emmy.

EMMY.

YOU think of olden times in leisure hours
when wild and free you roamed thru vale and wood.
The language of the birds you understood,
of brooks, of winds rustling thru leafy bow'rs.

Such memories select are spirit food,
in life's drear desert is their manna ours.
A green oasis, bright with palms and flow'rs,
they put the soul again in happier mood.

True consolation e'er is Music's art
to you, when longings seize the restless heart.
On wings of sound comes Peace then, God's white dove.

You gather strength and courage from the past.
A mother, brothers, sisters and, not last,
husband and children bear you precious love.

SAHARET.

From photograph by Georg Gerlach & Co., Berlin, Germany.

CLARISSA—MADAME SAHARET,

"Queen of Dancers".

A BREEZE from far celestial regions brought
you down to us, the Earth Star to adorn
with beauty, radiant as the roseate morn,
and with your art, so natural, unsought.

Your dance, Terpsichore: a divine thought
embodied, and of all that's sensual shorn,
soon whirls with strength of hurricane, inborn,
soon floats like down by gentle breezes caught.

You are embodied Beauty, Passion, Charm,
Grace, Loveliness—all are in you combined;
high soul, proud spirit are of you a part.

I offer you a red rose, colour-warm,
ideal dancer, soulful and refined.
I give to you the laurel due your art.

Ella

ILKA.

Song.

TRUE love flows deep as a river flows.
But "love" means many a thing!
It can be compared to a floating rose
which the waves to the deep sea swing.

Love leads you sometimes to sunlit skies
where in glory redeemed souls dwell;
it brings you to regions where painwrung cries
of lost souls ring thru hell.

The dewdrop trembles, a sparkling gem,
in the purple flower's chalice,
and a sunbeam, which from heaven came,
drinks it hotly,—that's love!—with a kiss.

But the love that alone will a long while last
I compare to a crystal lake
wherein purest pearls of a happy past
their rest at the bottom take.

And a shimmer deep down from its golden sands
meets fondly the soft moonbeams,
while with lilies white in their spirit hands
on the shore walk our wishes and dreams.

And their eyes are turned with a sudden start
to the treasures there, hidden long,
and they sing with sighs that could break your heart
of lost love a sad, sad song.

Meeting of Dante and Beatrice.

DANTE
and
BEATRICE.

ON wings of thought did Dante's fancy fly;
so wildly pulsed his heart that with his hand
he tried to ease its too tumultuous beat
when Beatrice, imperious, passed by.

His destiny she was and from on high
the magnet drawing him to God's own land
where happy spirits, saints and angels meet
and where the mansions of the Master lie.

Her spirit ordered Virgil, brave and wise,
to lead him where infernal regions bear
torments as fruits and pains and sufferings dire.

Thru heavens nine to God's far Paradise
she helped and led, a gentle guide and dear,
her poet lover, him of strong desire.

DREAM ROSES.

THE YELLOW ROSE and THE WHITE ROSE.

A SOUL-TUNE
to Dante Alighieri's "Paradise".

THE Yellow Rose delicious odors brings
to Him, the Light, and folks in garments white
on widespread leaves assemble. Truth and Right
reign here supreme in plenitude of things.

The soldiery of saints on golden wings,
their bodies white as snow, their faces bright
as living flames, like swarm of bees in flight
around the great White Love-Rose wheels and swings.

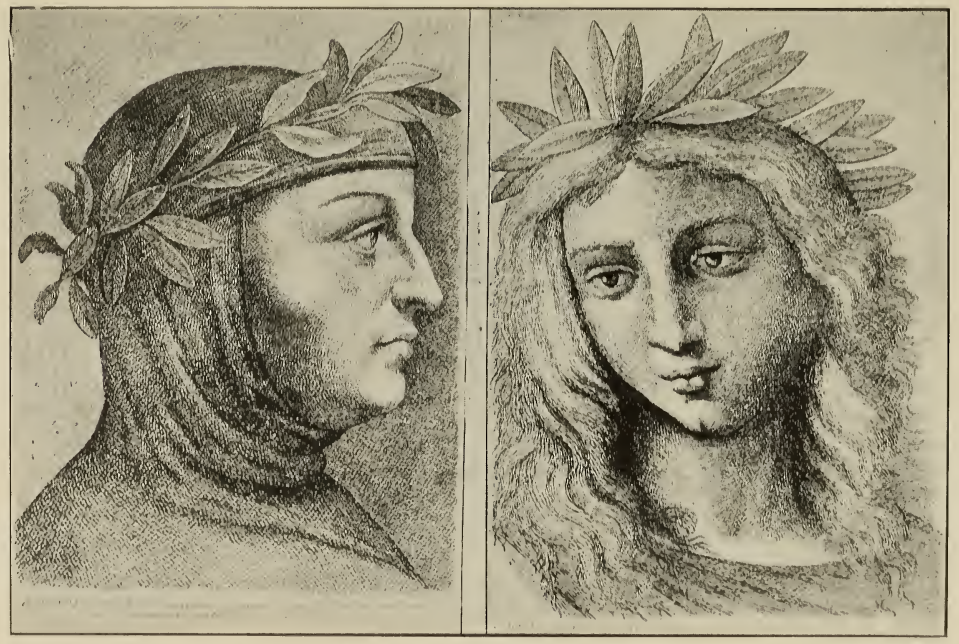
Some fly like troops of doves in circles wide,
then on the flower's benches they alight,
dispensing of the peace, and fan their flanks.

While "Holy! Holy! Holy!" ring their thanks,
in harmony their glad Hosannas rise,
chimes in the chant the whole of Paradise.

DANTE ALIGHIERI

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

"HE SANG OF DEEPEST HELL AND HIGHEST HEAVEN."



FRANCESCO PETRARCA and LAURA DE SADE. 1304–1374

FRANCESCO PETRARCA
and
LAURA DE SADE.

SHE prayed,—amongst the Lord's vast retinue
of saints, Maria, sinless—, when you came
and saw her humbly kneeling at the shrine.
Her sight your soul with bliss there did imbue.

With eyes like clear blue skies she looked at you,
enkindling in your heart the holy flame
which in your songs, enamoured, e'er does shine—
the flame of your pure love, so strong and true.

Your lyre her praises sounded and you sang
of Laura's voice, so angelic and mild,
and of her sunny, golden hair's halo.

And since the time your songs of Laura rang
and deified her beauty undefiled,
they sound from pole to pole in soft echo.

Mona Lisa — La Gioconda.

MONA LISA—LA GIOCONDA.

WITH brilliant skill, of which but masters can
rightfully boast, Da Vinci fixed in eyes
and curves of lips the mystic smile which span
gold threads of love from Earth to Paradise.

In hours of restless thoughts that made him wan
he toiled and tried and mixed the mellow dyes,
until his canvas showed a mate of man
with which, as riddle, not another vies.

What strange and wondrous secrets hides this smile,
what heavenly beatitudes and pleasures,
what heights and depths to which its lure may lead?

It hides a world!—mount, river, flowery mead,
the limpid sky, the ocean with its treasures,
this sunny smile, bewitching, free of guile.

Г. Максъ. Исцѣленіе больного.

"The mother's blessing still guards like God's hand."

HELEN.

Motherhood.

NO holier gift than that of motherhood,
her Heart's Desire, so natural, so deep,
the vision of her dream in sweetest sleep,
can God give to a woman pure and good.

May she the child, the offspring of her blood,
always on paths of right endeavor keep,
and may the hands of helping spirits sweep
out of the way temptations, hard withstood.

The mother leads thru childhood's fairyland
as guardian angel wise, as teacher mild,
but to the world belongs the child at last—

her sacrifice. Yet in the tumult wild
of life's strong stream, in struggles fierce and fast,
the mother's blessing still guards like God's hand!

SIXTINE MADONNA.

MARY, MOTHER OF CHRIST.

O HOLY Mother of our Saviour, Christ,
transfigured **Mary,** dare I sing to thee
with my soul's lyre, and with my minstrelsy
dare I add glory, of my heart apprized?

I hardly dare. But still I praise thee, mild
and patient mother, true, as mothers are,
for thou, the crowned queen of them, by far,
bore **Him,** the **Son of God,** the heavenly child.

And to the race that gave us **Moses** bold,
then **Christ,** to lead the ranks of spirits free,
I sound a tune of praise with vibrant strings,—

for thou sprangst from this race. In triumph rings
thy blessed name thru all eternity,
by angels praised in chorus thousandfold.

"His words evolve, His sentences ring true."

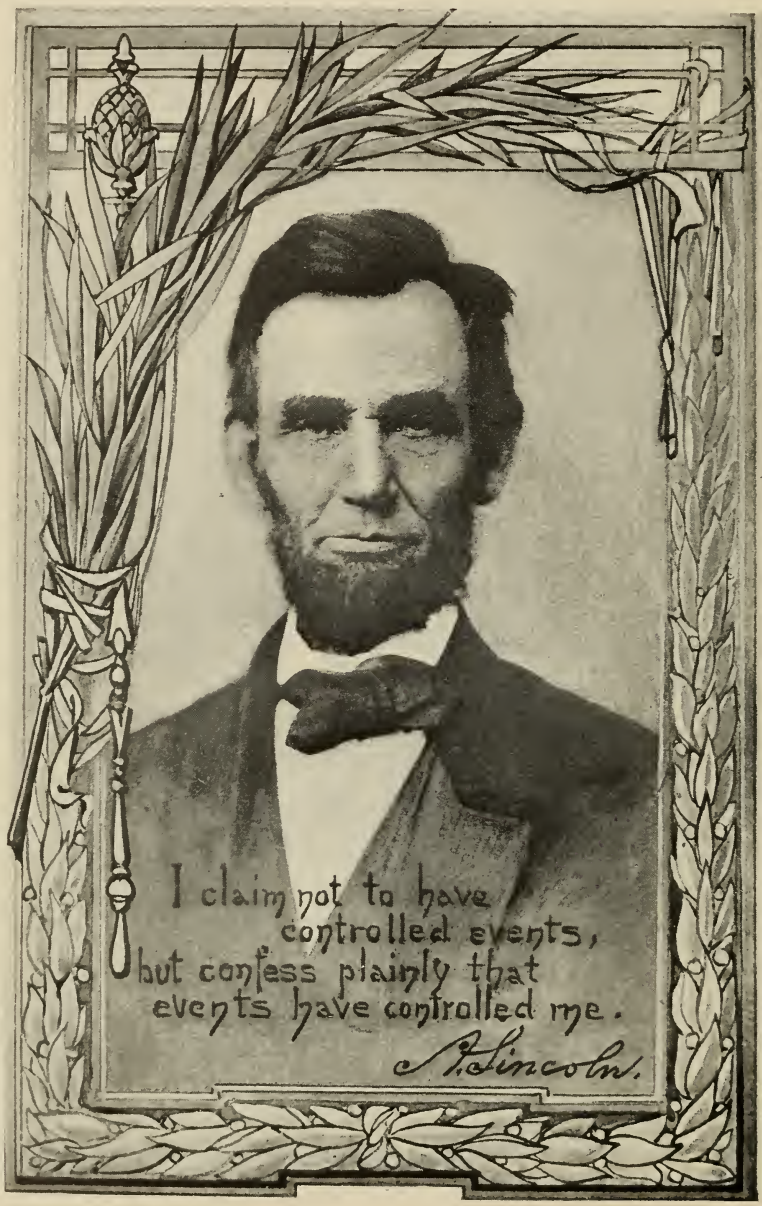
COLUMBIA AND HER MISSION.

COLUMBIA, proud mother of great sons,
who nations from old prejudices frees,
red, white and blue your star flag waves, unfurled,
the flag that led in breaking slavery's bars,—
proud mother, free men kiss your garment's hem.

In brightness shines our hero's, **Washington's,**
untarnished name. A rock in stormy seas
our **Lincoln** towers, held against the world.
In their train follow many lesser stars.
You bore these giants! Give us more of them!

Great mother, may you work unequaled do
in practising Christ's lessons. He was first
amongst all men with deeds unselfish, kind.

His words evolve, His sentences ring true
and radiate empyrean love, quench thirst
of parched souls, and peace all men let find.


I claim not to have
controlled events,
but confess plainly that
events have controlled me.
A. Lincoln.

A TRIBUTE TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN, MASTER-MAN.

An Appeal to his Spirit.

LINCOLN, to thee, from whose heart flowed a stream of kindness, pure and good,
to thee this mighty nation's pulse beats true, as to her dearest son
in gratitude for gift of Freedom won;
in sadness to the martyr, who for her has shed his noble blood.

Rejoicing people praised thee, who by them as wise, strong father stood;
who fought for Right and, noble Knight!, raised bright-eyed Justice to the throne;
who deemed it high reward that Wrong was gone,
that equal rights both blacks and whites enjoyed in happy brotherhood.

O Master-Spirit, come again! O pity thou the White Slaves' plight!
Come, conquer with thy light the powers of night!
The idol Mammon overturn
before whose shrine the world, bowed down, doth blindly incense burn.

Rise, Hero-Soul! In anger swing thy keen-edged sword! Dethrone, destroy
Falsehood and Baseness, joined in vile alloy!
Stifle the Hydra's poisonous breath!
The Monsters slay which deal to men a painful, lingering death!

II. ODES.

THE POET.

AS if the whirlwind of the Night profound,
out of the immemorable Before,
in traverse on illimitable ways,
hurtling thru spaces unfathomable,
had found an outlet to the glorious light
of a morn-day of rose, and had, long wail
and shriek of battle hushed by the fair sight
of splendid prospects, come to sudden stop,
sitting reflecting—thus he doth repose
upon a wind-swept, cloud-thronged mountain peak,
with poise of power, a "Giant of the Thought".

The storms, the turmoils of the thunder clouds
abate around him. Curling, rolling mists,
ebbing and wafting in fantastic shapes
of spirit armies, flow and wave along,
and, pierced by fiery arrows of the sun,
cleave in great rifts, dissolve and vanish. Thus,
a wrestler in his inner consciousness,
he strives toward the white light of the Dawn.

As from the jutting buttress of the rocks
to regions cool and pure of the high sky,
in climbing spirals a wild eagle mounts,
with outstretched pinions soaring—thus his thought
soars high, surveys the Earth which races on
thru leagues of space, a love-drawn, sun-wed orb
of seed immortal, tho of mortal make.
Sun radiance gladdens, glorifies her face
in rosy motherhood's halo of Love.

Vast is the time before her. Steadily
her children set their faces to the light
of a bright, happy future. Thru all trials
and sorrows of their lives, governed by laws
eternal, they march on to their far goal,
their mission noble, high their destiny.

Thus, brooding, he creates with active mind,
shaping the grand perceptions of his soul,
around his shape the Spirit's bright halo.
He dreams a mighty dream, an Earth divine,
a new and happier star. His listening soul
hears the mute Silence speak, and the Unknown
takes voice in music, God-born Harmony,
singing to him a song of Love and Life,
of Love eternal, of undying Life,
of heavenly Joy, of Beauty pure and bright,
of Truth resplendent, and of God's clear Light.

„METROPOLA",

The Gem of the Two Americas.

A Dream of the Future Ideal City at the Panama Canal.

"The American Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —Abraham Lincoln.

"Gentlemen: Let us remember that our interest is in concord, not in conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not in those of war." —William McKinley.

IN centuries, far off, I see a city rise
as fair as dreams are, coming from Paradise.
O, golden city, are you a vision mere
where mist-veils, lifting, vanish in luminous air?
Fair City, are you a dream from a star-far sphere,
a glorious dream of Love and of beauty rare?
Or is your corner-stone in this earth-ground laid,
and are your bells' great tunes of this earth-sound mate?

List to the chimes! The bells are ringing!
Ringing, singing!
Floating, winging
past the high church spires
mount the full choirs,
ever onswelling,
ever onwelling,
circling, spreading
in sound waves wide
as an ocean tide of the air seas,

strong-tuned, a heavenly symphony,
continents joining in harmony:

Clasp hands, ye Oceans!
Shake hands, ye Nations!
Rest, rest, ye wars!

Be ye pacified, ye wild passions!
For men, at last, now live in peace!

* * * * *

Pilots, free to the harbor of peace guide your stately ships;
your course leads to the great assembly
in the port of the great one, the fair one, the sunny one
of the wondrous clime of the Land of the Free!
Find your heaven here, ye tired wanderers, soulthirsty roamers of beautiful Earth!

Rejoice, peoples! Ye are the rulers!
Ye live in palaces climbing the mountain slopes,
in the free, pure, invigorating, balsamic life air;
wholesome waters spout clear from the breasts of the high mountains,
like crystal veins changed into liquid life;
broad are the streets, roomy the houses, clean and well-lighted,
spacious the parks with their greenswards and giant shade trees;
the fountains splash unceasingly in pearly showers, refreshing the sun-warm vale;
the rapture fragrance of flowers, borne along on the cool wind's breath,
floats o'er the City, bathed in sunlight.

* * * *

How ye have changed, ye peoples! And changed for the better!
It was a long fight up-hill, but ye have conquered!
The cold stare of selfishness, the chilling glance of heartlessness,
the imploring, fainting look of appeal in the eyes of the hungry and suffering and sick,
you meet them no more, O feeling observers.
The voice of loathsome crime and luring vice is silent, dead.
The monster Greed no more throws its dark shadows o'er the hearts;

the foul breath of the dragon Corruption no more poisons and withers
the lives of the poor,
for poor there are none;
vulgarity, coarseness, brutality, have changed to politeness and good
manners.

The municipality has gained the long-sought rights;
the laws are respected, for they are just;
the greed of the corporations is checked.
In this commercial centre of the highways of trade,
in this collective centre of arts and sciences
the best and the greatest, and the wisest and the fairest of the world
meet and hold council
and commune with their kind and their "Brethren of the Light" of
other worlds.

They have conquered the air, these great peoples!
The sun is their servant, the sea their treasurer, the earth their nourisher.
Joy is in the looks of all; a glad greeting gives each to his neighbors;
the wandering stranger is a welcome guest in their gates;
they rejoice and are happy, for they have learned to overcome the
ills of the flesh;
for they have learned to think! They have acquired knowledge!
They are just, they are true, they are honest, they are kind, they are
wise and learned,
for education has become a watch word with them,
and science goes with religion hand in hand in their city.

* * *

In robes of queenly purple, gold-embroidered, the City strides,
she, the beautiful one, the proud one, the good one;
her clean limbs are lithsome, strong;
her cheeks are rosy with healthful colors,
like the blushing cheeks of a fair maid
kissed by the keen morning wind of a late winter day;
the brightness of her eyes flashes the wise intelligence of her spirit;
she rules the world and the world is proud of her,
proud of her beauty and wisdom and kindness,
for her heart's desire is:
The Welfare of Humanity.

* *

An evening of gold has set,
and the flush of the crimson sky, dying in a short-lasting night,
was but the announcement of a more glorious day, a new day.
This day has come! The Sun is rising!
In festive garments the peoples are clad,
and to the sweet sounds of musical instruments
they sing songs of praise and of glory,
of thanks and of rejoicing,
for the sun is rising!
The golden morning of "Love" is here,
and the roseate dawn arises of "Brotherhood"!
The lustre of the rising orb bathes you in glory,
"Metropola"!
The Sun is rising!
The rosewings of the dawn expand!
A brilliance sprung from the life light brightens the heavens
like a glad smile of angelic hosts
and brings joy to the hearts!
Its creative, healing flood of goodness permeates and caresses the Earth!
The human race grows more god-like!
In this pellucid splendor of rose and purple, of gold and silver lights
enveloping the Earth in transfiguration,
scintillates, glitters
like a priceless adornment
the fair one, the supreme one,
"Metropola"!
Like the sun of the morning
you shine and beam and flash and radiate,
Gem of the Golden West,
Gem of the two Americas:
"Metropola"!

III. SONGS.

A Warble to a Lyre-Tune.

If three wishes were given to me
these three wishes they would be:
To be like the clouds in the sky above
and bless the world with a rain of love;
to flow like a glad free river
thru life and be a giver;
where in earth's deserts poor pilgrims suffer
cool, refreshing water to offer
till strengthened, revived, with new hope in the soul
in safety they reach their journey's goal.

SONG OF SPRING.

WHEN the young Spring's breeze begins to sing,
silver bells with sweetest love notes ring,
when the robin whistles from the tree,
then does Life awake and shout with glee.

Golden wings it spreads and flies away
into worlds of wonders beckoning gay,
into sunshine-countries, happy, free.
O glad Life, I shall your comrade be.

SONG OF JUNE.

IN mild June's soft hush
splendid roses blush
and their fine perfumes fill all the air.
Joy and happiness
brings the air's caress,
and the world around seems wondrous fair.

Smiling tenderly
my love offers me
roses, children of the summer sun.
Robbing kiss on kiss
this is real bliss,
and two hearts beat close and glad as one.

American Wood Thrushes
or Bellbirds.

SONG of the AMERICAN WOOD THRUSH or BELLBIRD.

Song of the Bellbird.
"A-e-o!
A-e-o-lee!
A-e-o-lee-ee!"

Evening Song on the Hudson.

THE bellbird's song above the woodland dell
rings out with sounds of sonorous, golden bell,
so sweet, that life's loud turmoil they abate
and chase away unholy strife and hate.

The soul the sunset's glorious wonders drinks,
and dove-winged Peace with benediction sinks
to earth down softly, brings this gift, the best:
Night's strength'ning sleep and dreamless, blessed rest.

SONG OF AUTUMN.

GONE are all the sunny hours,
all the happy summer days,
when the roses bloomed in bowers
and the birds sang roundelays.
Summer went on fleeting wings
and the bluebird sings:
"Far away, far away!"

Princely dress the forests show;
apples glow in gold and red;
grapes in bunches hang now low;
squirrel makes its winterbed,
for the winds soon blow with main,
bitter winds with frost and rain—
Summer went far away!

SONG OF GOOD-BYE.

IT has to be "Good-bye" today,
I go away from here,
but where I go and where I roam,
I think of you, my dear.
The honeysuckles smell so sweet
where on the porch you stand
and call "Good-bye!" the last, last time
and beckon with your hand.

It was a happy, glorious time
there by the shining sea,
a blissful time that flew as quick
as summer cloudlets flee.
"Good-bye, O Sea! Good-bye, my love!"
I can not longer stay.
But where I go and where I roam,
I think of you for aye.

THE SONG OF THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

So many a time I hear that wrong
the world is roundabout.
But yet I like her! With my song
I praise her beauty loud.
The honeysuckles smell so sweet,
the roses bloom so fair,
and if their thorns do hurt my hand
I smile and do not care.

The lightning smites this world sometimes,
hail strikes it rather hard,
I smile then, think it must be so,
I play as man my part.
The sun greets woods and fields again,
the sky regains its blue,
and I rejoice with warbling birds:
O world, how fair are you!

Dreams of Remembrance.

ADDENDA.

Note.—The addenda to Dante and Beatrice, Francesco Petrarca and Laura de Sade, Florence Nightingale and Jenny Lind are in the main part extracts from the "Encyclopaedia Britannica".

* *

Louise K. M. — Suggested by meeting Mrs. Louise Kobbe Manning, of New York, in company with Mrs. Wagstaff on the Boardwalk in Atlantic City, N. J., March 9th, 1912, and by her editorial "Morning Call" in the "Reading Times" of March 13th, 1912.

Blanche. — Suggested by "Atys. A Grecian Idyl and Other Poems", by Mrs. Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff, of New York, when I made her acquaintance in front of Hirshberg's "Swinburne Bookstore" on the Boardwalk in Atlantic City, N. J., March 9th, 1912.

Florence Nightingale.—Florence Nightingale (1820-1910), the younger daughter of William Edward Nightingale of Embley Park, Hampshire, and Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, in England, was born at Florence on the 15th of May 1820 and named after this city, but her childhood was spent in England, chiefly in Derbyshire. From her earliest years she loved nature and animals. She followed the call of her heart and interested herself in hospitals, reformatories and other charitable institutions. To gain experience and to learn she visited foreign hospitals and, desiring to obtain the best possible teaching for herself, went thru a course of training in the institute of Protestant Deaconesses at Kaiserswerth, Germany. There she remained six months, learning every detail of hospital management with a thoroness rarely equalled, making herself proficient in her self-chosen task. In Paris she continued her studies of the system of nursing and management in the hospitals under the charge of the sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. So she was well prepared. When the bloody Crimean war was raging she hastened, 1854, to the scene of the struggles in the Crimea and nursed the sick and wounded of a large army. There she went thru terrible experiences, but never wavered in her sacrificing service. She tended the Balaklava wounded at Scutari, which were joined two days later by 600 from Inkerman. Soon she had 10,000 men under her charge and the general superintendence of all the hospitals on the Bosporus. 1856 she returned

to England where she was showered with honors for her meritorious pioneering work. She continued in her chosen line of activities and died in London on the 13th day of August 1910, the thanks of all nations her everlasting spiritual monument.

Bella. — Mrs. Arabella Wirths, as she was known to me and Atlantic City people, was born in Manchester, England, on the 21st of November 1839, as daughter of Carl Pregel and Julia, nee Cahn. From her 12th year she lived with her parents in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany. Her music-teacher there was Robert Schumann, the composer, with his wife Clara. She visited conservatories and, having genius, soon became an accomplished pianist. She married Carl Schoemann, who died, then Moritz Wirths, went with him to the United States, left him later on and died at last as widow in Atlantic City, N. J., from 1900 to 1911. Her favorites were Wagner and Chopin and her favorite music was Robert Schumann's "Traeumerei". She used to visit regularly the concerts at the Steel Pier as long as **William A. Haley** was Orchestra leader. He passed into the land of dreams two years ahead of her, for he died in 1909 in Washington, D. C., where he had led the military orcehstra for many years. In Atlantic City he often followed the good advices of Mrs. Wirths in musical matters and always honored her specially on the Steel Pier by playing for her "Traeumerei" in a most soulful and accomplished way. Mrs. Wirths died in the night of the 17th to 18th of August 1911, 72 years old, at 510 Adriatic Ave., the house where she spent the last six years of her life in Atlantic City. She was one of the kindest and most genial souls I ever knew and one of the best friends I ever had. More particulars about her life I gave in the "Begleitwort" in my German book of poems "Allvaters Kind".

When 1910 the newspapers announced the death of **Florence Nightingale,** Mrs. Wirths told me, that, to assist at her birth 1839, the great nurse was called from London. She told me further that she heard **Jenny Lind** sing and remembered the time very well. This accounts for the arrangement of the poems dedicated to these three noble Women.

Miss **Julia** Walrath, Mrs. **Violet** Cappazzo-Newman, who both now reside in Philadelphia, and Mrs. **Nellie** Robinson, of Atlantic City, were good friends and neighbors of Mrs. Wirths in the "Queen City by the Sea", acordingly I arranged the poems dedicated to them in the order which the book shows.

The portrait "Bella" is from a photograph taken in 1873 in Darmstadt, Germany.

The name **Arabella** is of Scottish origin and means **Hearth Heroine.** Southey sings:

> "What will not woman, gentle woman dare
> when strong affection stirs her spirit up".

Jenny Lind. — Jenny Lind (1820-1887), the famous Swedish singer, was born at Stockholm on the 6th of October 1820, the daughter of a lace manufacturer. Mlle. Landberg, an opera-dancer, first discovered her musical gift and took her education in hand. She soon was a celebrity and had great successes as a singer in the operatic world wherever she played and sang. 1850 she visited America and married in Boston, 1852, Otto Goldschmidt, whom she had met in Luebeck 1850. She was called the Swedish nightingale. On the 2nd day of November 1887 she died at Malvern.

In the operas she identified herself with the characters she represented with a thoroness rare in her days. Unharmed by the perils of a stage-career, she was a model of rectitude, generosity and straightforwardness, carrying the last quality into a certain blunt directness of manner that was sometimes rather startling.

Fannie. — Suggested by making the acquaintance of Miss Fannie Levine, violinist, of New York, strolling on the Boardwalk in Atlantic City, N. J., April 7th, 1912.

Gazella and Elly. — Miss Elly Deckart (21) and Miss Gazella Grossman (23) came to Atlantic City on an excursion train from Philadelphia on June the 16th, 1912, to enjoy the Sunday afternoon by the Atlantic Ocean. As they had read some of my poems and some of my books, they honored me by quite an unexpected visit, at 510 Adriatic Avenue; and we had quite a pleasant hour of interesting conversation. I saw the young ladies then for the first time and was glad to find such dear, new friends. Miss Grossman is of Hungarian descent, Miss Deckart hails from Leipzig, where she studied as teacher and then came to America, devoting her time to literary work, but intending to return to her beloved native country, Germany.

Emmy. — During the summer of 1912, I had the honor and the pleasure to be the welcome guest of Mr. August and Mrs. **Emmy** Gauthier, in Waterbury, Conn., where, at the time, Miss Phyllis Fillmann, of Birkenfelde a. d. Nahe, the sister of Mrs. Gauthier, was present on a longer visit from Germany. The dear children of my hosts are **Katharine** and **Inez.**

To me the sojourn in the beautiful "Elm State" is unforgettable, for I met there many good people and made there many new friends. In Waterbury, the poet Lothar Brunke and the poetess Kate Woodward Noble and Miss Elizabeth Quinn; in New Haven, the brave, true Knights Edward Andersen, Wm. Radon, Hugo Brockelschen, Peter Dejon the poet, Leo Herz, Wm. Meister the sculpter and their noble "Burgfrauen", the Professors at Yale University", John C. Schwab, Arthur H. Palmer, Isidor Troostwyk, Max Dessauer and other fine men and women. In Hoboken, N. J., later on, on the N. G. Lloyd Steamer "Koenig Albert", I bid farewell to our distinguished Austausch-Professor **Julius Petersen,** who was at "Yale", when he left for Europe at 11 A. M., March the 15th, 1913.

We are only temporary dwellers on this our beautiful home-star, the Earth. It is my belief, that the Earth-star is not our last goal and not our highest. And I am of the opinion that, after our earthly race is run and our work here is done, the friends we met and had here, we shall meet and greet again in other spheres on other stars. "Thru changes and evolutions ahead and higher!" is the cosmic law. Surely the best part of our life are our friendships. I speak of true and proved friends who are above the doubting.

Clarissa. — Madame Clarissa Rose, whose nom de theatre is **Saharet,** is the "Queen of Dancers" of our time. She was born in Melbourne, Australia, in the year of 1879. Her father, **John Campbell,** comes from the Scottish Highlands; her mother, **Eveline de Vere,** is of French descent. In the daughter are united the best qualities of the two nations from which the parents sprang. Saharet is, without a doubt, the most accomplished dancer and, in her own type, the most beautiful woman of our time. Not only the external beauty of her delights, but also the inner beauty, that of her soul. For her dancing is never sensational, but always refined and soulful.

Being vivacity personified, her dance is enlivened by a fine spirit. **In dancing, beauty of motion becomes to her a revelation.** To her Beauty is Life, not cold and motionless beauty, but expressive and living beauty, reflecting the gentlest emotions of the soul in all their finest, varying tints. In dancing, **she is Soul herself.**

Madame Saharet appeared on the stage in all the big European cities: London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and also in America.

Franz von Stuck, the great Munich artist, painted her portrait in oil. The canvass, known in art circles under the name of "The saluting Saharet with the red Rose", is now in the possession of the Chicago art-lover and connoisseur **Mr. Fritz von Frantzius,** who values it as the greatest gem of his collection.

Fine photographs of Madame Saharet are made and for sale by **Georg Gerlach & Co.,** Photographers, Berlin, Germany.

The two pictures in the book are reproduced from photographs by this Co.

Ilka.—Miss **Ilka Lenz,** from Berlin, Germany, whose acquaintance I made 1913, in the "Deutsche Lesegesellschaft, New York", in "Luechows". The young lady is studying in a New York City High School.

Dante and Beatrice. — Since **Dante Alighieri's** soul-wave sparkled like a diamond on the bosom of the sea of life, 647 shining years lifted themselves, shone, sank again and vanished into the void of the immense from whence they came. The great poet was born about the middle of May, 1265, at Florence, in Italy, under a laurel-tree, and the sign of the twins was over him, "the glorious stars pregnant with virtue, to whom he owes his genius, such as it is."

His immortal work is the **"Divina Comedia",** in two parts, **"Inferno"** and **"Paradise".** In virtue of this great poem he holds his

place as one of the half-dozen greatest writers of all time. It must be admitted his greatness was acknowledged by the world only long years after his death. In his poetical work he was inspired by his love, **Beatrice,** who died on the 9th of June 1290. Her mortal love had guided him for thirteen years, and her immortal spirit purified his later life and revealed to him the mysteries of Paradise, after first enabling him to gain entry and insight into the terrible regions of the Inferno, Hell and Purgatory. Dante knew Beatrice as a child. He met her only twice or thrice in life, the first time in the house of her father Folco, on May-day, 1274, then, in later life, near the bridge of the old Italian city. She married not him, but Simone de' Bardi, and she probably saw little of Dante. But the worship of her lover was stronger for the remoteness of his subject.

When Beatrice died he so far recovered from the shock of his loss, that in 1292, he married **Gemma,** daughter of Manetto Donati, a connection of the celebrated Corso Donati, afterwards Dante's bitter foe. It is possible that she is the lady mentioned in the "Vita Nuova", as sitting full of pity at her window and comforting Dante for his sorrow. By this wife he had two sons and daughters and his union with her was happy.

As active politician Dante belonged to the party of the Ghibellines. His political life was very stormy. He was exiled and wandered in his old age. as an exile, from city to city and from place to place thruout Lombardy, Tuscany and the Romagna, under the protection of various lords. Dante's last years of life were spent at Ravenna, under the protection of Guido da Polenta. In Ravenna he died of a fever on the 14th of December, 1321. His bones still repose there.

Besides his "Divina Comedia", Dante wrote many other poems. In his book 'Vita Nuova" is contained the history of his love for Beatrice. The work of his manhood is the "Convito" or "Banquet". Besides the smaller poems contained in the "Vita Nuova" and "Convito", there are a considerable number of canzoni, ballate and sonnetti bearing the poet's name.

The Yellow Rose and the White Rose.—Canto XXX. Argument ("The Paradise of Dante", by A. J. Butler; Publishers Mac Millan & Co., New York and London): Dante, with his soul's love, Beatrice, his spirit guide and instructor, rises to the highest or Empyrean heaven, where a great brightness surrounds them. Paradise appears first as a river of light; then, as Dante sees more clearly, in the form of a yellow rose, in color like the golden sun. The leaves of this rose are the seats of the blessed.

Canto XXXI. Argument: The company of the saints appears in the figure of a white rose, about which the angels fly.

In Dante's conception of Paradise the universe, consists of **nine spheres** or circles, each a heaven, concentric with the earth which is fixed at the centre and surrounded by the different spheres. Nine orders of angels are guardians and servants of these realms.

Francesco Petrarca and Laura de Sade. — **Petrarca** or **Petrarch** belongs to the Italian Poets emphatically distinguished as "Il Quattro Poeti Italiani" and whose names are **Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, Petrarca.** He was born at Arezzo, the 20th of July 1304 and died in Venice on the 18th of July, 1374. He lived in Padua and Venice, made some long travels and retired 1369 to Arqua, a village in the Euganean hills. As a man he was virtuous, as a poet noble and pure in thought. As an author Petrarca must be considered from two points—first as a writer of Latin verse and prose, secondly as an Italian lyrist.—"**The Sonnets, Triumphs and Other Poems of Petrarch**", translated into English verse by various hands and with a life history of the Poet by **Thomas Campbell,** appeared through the Publishers: George Bell & Sons, London.

With Petrarca, friendship was a passion; or, what is more true perhaps, he needed friends for the maintenance of his intellectual activity at the highest point of its effectiveness. One of his poet-friends was the writer of the "Decamerone", Boccacio.

Petrarca's ideal of humanism was essentially a noble one. He regarded the orator and the poet as teachers, bound to complete themselves by education, and to exhibit to the world an image of perfected personality in prose and verse of studied beauty. Self-culture and self-education seemed to him the highest aims of men. Everything which contributed to the formation of a free, impassioned, liberal individuality he regarded as praiseworthy. Everything which retarded the attainment of this end was contemptible in his eyes. The authors of antiquity, the Holy Scriptures and the fathers of the church were valued by him as one common source of intellectual enlightenment. Eminently religious and orthodox in his conviction, he did not seek to substitute a Pagan for the Christian ideal. This was left for the scholars of the 15th and 16th centuries in Italy.

Since the death of **Petrarca,** one of Italy's greatest sons, who as a scientist and poet occupies a prominent place in the world's literature, more than 600 years have elapsed. But still the masterful sonnets he sang to the praise of **Laura,** his soul's love, echo softly over the world. Of Laura, who was married and a mother and whom Petrarca met only once in life, the poet says himself: "Laura who, renowned by her own virtues, became widely known and celebrated thru my poems, appeared before my eyes for the first time in San Clara Church, at Avignon, on the morning of the 6th of April, 1327," and further, when be heard of her death on the 6th of April, 1348, at Avignon: "On the day of her death I was in Verona and had no presentiment of my fate. The sad news was made known to me first by a letter of my friend Socrates (this name he gave to his Flemish friend Ludovicus), who met me at Parma on the 19th of May. The beautiful body of the beloved was buried in the Church of San Francis on the eve of the day of her death, but her spirit, according to my firm conviction, returned to Heaven, from whence it had come."

Mona Lisa — La Gioconda. — The canvas of "La Gioconda" was begun by Da Vinci, in Florence, in the year 1501 and finished four years later.

Leonado Da Vinci, the great Italian painter, sculpter, architect, musician, mechanician, engineer and natural philosopher, was born in Florence, in the year 1452, and died under the protection of Francis I., King of France, at the Castle of Cloux, near Amboise, in the year 1519.

Helen. — Suggested by a poem of Mrs. **Helen** Payne Whitney — Hay, of New York, which I read in a New York City Newspaper.

Sistine Madonna. — The "Sistine Madonna" was painted by Raphael, near the end of his life for the Church of San Sixtus (San Sisto) at Piacenza and is now in the Royal Gallery at Dresden, Germany. It represents the Virgin holding the Child and floating in clouds composed of cherubs' faces, with St. Sixtus kneeling at her right, St. Barbara at her left, and two cherubs below.

Raphael Sanzio or Raphael Sanzio d'Urbino, the great Italian painter, son of Giovanni Sanzio or Santi, was born on the 6th of April, 1483, in the ducal city of Urbino, situated among the Apennines on the borders of Tuscany and Umbria. He died after the attacks of a fever in Rome on Good Friday, April 6th, 1520. On the firmament of art, his fame shines forever as a star of the first magnitude. Many of his Madonnas he painted in Florence. His greatest masterpiece is "The Transfiguration". He had an incomparable instinct for rythmical design, trained on subjects of holy quietude and rapt contemplation according to the traditions of Umbrian art. From Leonardo's example "The Battle of the Standard", 1504-1505, he learned to apply the same instinct to themes of violent action and strife.

Mary, Mother of Christ. — The mother of Jesus Christ, **Mary,** as well as his father, **Joseph,** descended from the Judaic family of kings, beginning with David. The father was a carpenter by trade and lived in Nazareth, Galilee. Therefore the **Saviour,** the Captain of Men's Salvation, is sometimes called the Nazarene or Galileean. He was born in Bethlehem, Galilee, and died on the cross on Golgatha, near Jerusalem, 33 years old. With the day of his birth begins the Christian era, for Men and Religion a forward movement. Nearly 2000 years have elapsed since then and still Christ's sentences are the freshest truths of modern altruism, proving His real greatness and spiritual supremacy. Yet the world is very far from the ultimate realization of the teachings of Christ who, never thinking about himself, worked, lived and died for his principles and for other men and women and children, for **all** men as his brothers, for mankind.

Moses, the great Hebrew, was born in Heliopolis, in the year 1738 before Christ. He lived to be 120 years old. Prophet, teacher and lawgiver of the Hebrew race and the liberator of his people from Egyptian slavery of the Pharaos, he gave to them and to the world the

Ten Commandments or the Decalogue, the foundation stone of mankind's conscience.

Columbia. — Columbia is the pet name given to "God's Country", the United States of North America.

George Washington was born on the 22nd of February 1732, in the State of Virginia and died on the 14th of December 1799, in Mount Vernon, Virginia. He was commander in chief of the American army in the War of Independence or the War of Liberation, which began July 4th 1776 and ended September the 3rd 1783. He was the first American president.

Abraham Lincoln was born on the 12th of February 1809 in the State of Kentucky and died by the bullet of a fanatical assassin in Washington, D. C., on the 15th of April 1865. He was president during the Civil War or Revolutionary War which made an end to slavery in the United States and which lasted from 1861 to 1865.

Of the American Master-Men, of the Titans of the Union, he is the foremost and the greatest. In the memory of his people he lives forever and ever as the rejoiner, strengthener and fortifier of a torn Union. Only George Washington, is equal to him in greatness. Lincoln is to the Americans what Bismarck is to the Germans.

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Signatures.—These signatures, together with the portraits, photographs, were graciously presented to me by the fair ladies themselves in their own handwritings, from which I had line-cuts made. The writing "The American Woman", is by Mrs. A. Wirths, who wrote it in the year 1911, a few months before she died, on an envelope subscribing for the monthly magazine "The American Woman".

APR 3 1913

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TO AN

made by the "Clark Harp Mfg. Co.," Syracuse, N. Y.,
and seen by the author in the shop window of Carl Fischer's Music Store,
Cooper Square, New York City,
on Saint Patrick's Day, March the 17th, 1913.

Song by **Wilhelm Benignus.**

I SAW you in the window and felt like taking hold
of you, clad in transparent green with ornaments of gold;
I felt as if to fondle your brightly luring strings
and strike a pow'rful melody of great and noble things.

I'd sing of **patriots** bold and **soldiers** brave of Erin,
of **pioneers** strong and daring all "wearin' of the green";
I'd sing of elves and fairies that live in Ireland's hills,
of lakes, like shimm'ring diamonds, of woods with babbling rills.

I'd sing of good **Saint Patrick** who chased away the snakes,
the Saint beloved by Irish hearts wherever Freedom wakes;
I'd praise the **three-leaved shamrock** that's worn with happy smile
by millions of true Irishmen from dear ould **Erin's Isle.**

I love your queenly beauty, o **Harp** of highest art,
with the strength of loving comradeship and the ardor of a bard,
for the voice of **Wind** and **Ocean** and **Your** voice they are the same,
your soul ist thrilling music and your spirit is a flame.